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NATOMA

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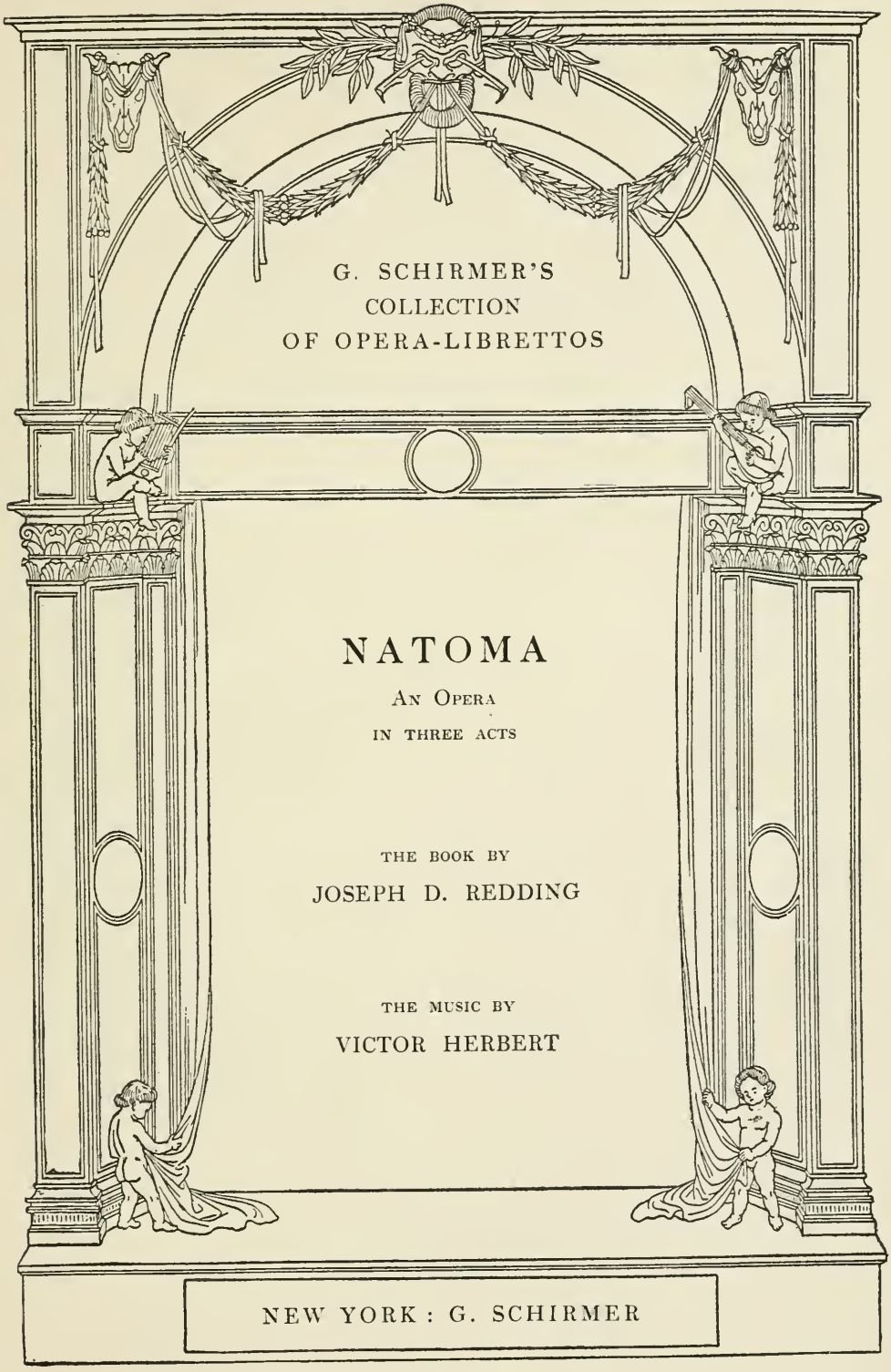

G. SCHIRMER'S
COLLECTION
OF OPERA-LIBRETTOS

NATOMA

AN OPERA
IN THREE ACTS

THE BOOK BY
JOSEPH D. REDDING

THE MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

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Music Library

CHARACTERS

WITH THE CAST FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, ON FEB. 23, 1911.

Don Francisco de la Guerra, a noble Spaniard of the old régime	Bass	Mr. Huberdeau
Father Peralta, Padre of the Mission Church	Bass	Mr. Dufranne
Juan Bautista Alvarado, a young Spaniard	Baritone	Mr. Sammarco
José Castro, a half-breed	Baritone	Mr. Preisch
Pico, bravos, comrades of Castro	Tenor	Mr. Crabbé
Kagama, bravos, comrades of Castro	Bass	Mr. Nicolay
Bruzzo, an innkeeper		
Paul Merrill, Lieutenant on the U. S. Brig "Liberty"	Tenor	Mr. MacCormack
Barbara de la Guerra, daughter of Don Francisco	Soprano	Miss Lillian Grenville
Natoma, an Indian girl	Soprano	Miss Mary Garden
Chiquita, a dancing-girl		

Two American Officers; Sergeant; Alcalde; Milk-Boy; ladies, dignitaries, soldiers, friars, acolytes, nuns, convent-girls, vaqueros, market-women, Spanish dancers, reapers, vineyardists, shepherdesses, sailors

The scene of Act I is laid on the Island of Santa Cruz, off the coast of California, two hours' sail from the mainland; Act II, in the plaza of the town of Santa Barbara on the mainland, in front of the Mission Church; Act III, inside of the Mission Church.

Epoch, 1820, under the Spanish régime.

FOREWORD

Vizcaino, the navigator, in a letter to the King of Spain written in 1603, remarked on the comeliness and unusual intelligence of the Californian Indian girls. There was without doubt among some of these inhabitants a strain of the ancient Aztec race.

The literal translation of Natoma is "The Maid from the Mountains."

NATOMA

An Opera in Three Acts

ACT I

The scene shows the hacienda of Don Francisco *on the Island. Porch left, with entrance showing interior with windows. Semi-tropic treatment, out of doors. Back drop shows blue waters of the Santa Barbara Channel, with dim line of mainland in distance. An arbor and vine-covered well are right, with stone bench around part of well. Main entrance shows pathway centre. The scene is rich in coloring—a woodland dell. At rise of curtain* Don Francisco *is discovered at top of hill, gazing over the water toward the mainland. Time, afternoon and evening of a summer's day.*

SCENE I

Don Francisco

Alas! Impatient father that I am!
No sign as yet from o'er the water
To tell the coming of my daughter.
The day with leaden feet is creeping,
While my impatient heart is leaping.

Oh child of love, oh child of grace,
I see in thee thy mother's face,
And like a perfume rare,
Her gentle spirit fills the air,
My Barbara, my Barbara!
(*Seats himself on bench near the well.*)

When as a youth I led my bride
O'er mountain-chain and oceantide,
We dreamed a while to here remain,
Afar from our belovèd Spain.

We wandered o'er this island bower,
And found herein a perfect flower;
It was a message from above,
To bless the union of our love.

The flower she gave to me—my bride;
A winsome rose, our joy, our pride.
[Entwined within our hearts it grew
As fleeting years above us flew.

The Reaper claimed my bride his own,
And left me with my rose alone,
This sunset isle I hold a shrine
Wherein to guard my trust divine.]

Oh child of love, oh child of grace,
I see in thee thy mother's face,
And like a perfume rare,
Her gentle spirit fills the air.
My Barbara, my Barbara!
(*Horn heard off stage.*)

Alvarado, Castro, Pico and Kagama (*off stage*). Aié! aié!

Don Francisco. Can it be my daughter?
(*Enter* Alvarado, Castro, Pico and Kagama.)

Alvarado. Hail, Don Francisco, hail!

D. Francisco. Welcome, Juan Bautista, and also your good friends! Our island home is greatly honored by your coming.

Alvarado (*coming forward*). My friend and comrade, Don José Castro!

D. Francisco. Welcome, Señor! your name is known to me.

Castro. Don Francisco, I salute thee!

Alvarado. Pico and Kagama of Santa Inez, both mighty hunters and brave fellows!

D. Francisco. Caballeros, I greet you. So seldom do I leave this isle in my advancing years, you must regard me quite a stranger in the land.

All. At your service, Señor!
(Alvarado *and companions take seats.*)

D. Francisco (*claps hands; two servants appear on porch*). Tortillas! Mescal! My guests will drink with me.
(*Servants bow and exeunt into hacienda.*)

Alvarado. We beg the privilege of a hunt upon the ranges of your hills, where bound the antlered stag and vicious boar.

D. Francisco. My isle is yours.

(*Servants bring out small tables, etc.*)

D. Francisco. Señores, my house is honored by your presence! (*Lifts flagon; all drink.*)

Alvarado. And Barbara, my fair cousin, I fain would greet her and present my comrades.

D. Francisco. I would she were here to greet thee.

Castro (*aside*). She has not come.

D. Francisco. This is the day of her return. Her convent years are ended. Since early morn I've peered out o'er the water to find in every sail and white-winged gull the coming of my daughter. [Yet know I well, 'twill be at eventide and when the summer's day has waned, Father Peralta will bring my daughter home.]

Alvarado

I offer a toast, good friends,
And bid you homage pay
To one whose beauty lends
New lustre to the day:
Barbara de la Guerra!

Alvarado, Castro, Pico and Kagama. Barbara de la Guerra!

D. Francisco. You fill my heart to overflowing.

Alvarado. Come, we must away. The shadows deepen early in the mountains. Our sport awaits us.

D. Francisco. Good luck attend you! I beg on your return to come this way. My house, my cellar, my boats, are at your command!

The Four. Adios, Señor! Adios, Señor!

(*Exeunt. Exit* Don Francisco *into hacienda.*)

SCENE II

(Natoma *comes up over hill, leading* Paul *by the hand. She pulls him toward her and stamps her foot. Both are playful and laughing.*)

Natoma. When I say to you "follow," you must obey me!

Paul. You little witch! Where are you leading me? This is all so strange to me.

Natoma. No matter. This is an island of good cheer. We are alone, for at this hour good Don Francisco takes his siesta. Come! come!

(*Leads* Paul *to seat around well.* Paul *seats himself on bench;* Natoma *sits on the grass in front of him.*)

Paul. Ah! Natoma, this island hath indeed a charm! Oh! Natoma, 'tis you who casts a spell o'er all my senses.

Natoma. No one has ever spoken unto me as you do. Your voice is soft and gentle. Are all Americanos fair and good to look upon?

Paul. You little wild-flower!

Natoma. Tell me about your people and the great land far o'er the water. Speak, and speak again, until I bid you cease—and that will never be.

Paul

Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams—
I wonder?
When above my pillow
All the night sheds starry gleams—
I wonder?

Ever am I haunted
By a pair of eyes so deep
And gleaming,
In whose wealth unfathomed
Lie the shafts of love asleep
And dreaming.

Every glance she gave me
Woke my heart and roused my soul
From slumber.
Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams—
I wonder?

Come, Natoma! [We have rowed and wandered round this island from morn till eventide. Every question you have asked me I have freely answered. Yet you tell me noth-

ing of yourself.] Tell me of your people, tell me of Natoma, and see! (*taking the abalone-amulet, which is hanging from the necklace around* NATOMA's *neck, in his hand.*) What is the secret of this charm you guard so closely?

NATOMA (*crossing her hands against her throat and shrinking from* PAUL).

Would you ask me of my people,
Of my father and his father?
Then I bid you now to listen.

From the clouds came my first father;
Out he stepped upon the mountain
Over there upon the mainland,
In the early dawn of morning,
And his people followed after.
Soon there came an awful famine,
And his people paled with hunger,
Paled with hunger and the famine.
Then he went down to the ocean
Where the waters roll unceasing,
And he prayed unto the Spirit,
To the Spirit of the mountain,
To the Spirit of the waters.
And lo, his prayer was answered.
At his feet, in untold numbers,
Tossed up by the mighty ocean,
Found he there the abalone,
Rich with meat the abalone.
With this meat he fed his people,
Brought to life his starving people,
And with prayer they thanked the Spirit.

[In the twilight of his lifetime,
On his couch within the wigwam,
Called the Chief his sons about him,
Spoke he to the eldest thus-wise:
"I have been upon the mountain,
With the Spirit in communion;
There the mighty Spirit gave me
As a token, with his blessing,
This fair shell of abalone,
Filled with earth from off the mountain
Sealed within the abalone.
Bade me guard it in my bosom
As a deed of gift and plenty
From the Spirit to his people.
Thou the strongest, thou the eldest
Shalt succeed to my dominion.
On thy neck I hang the token."
He then turned his back upon them
And his son became the Chieftain.

In the ages past this happened,
But the gift has come unbroken
From one Chieftain to the other,
From the father to the eldest,
From the mountain to the ocean
Has the gift come down unbroken.]

In the old age of my father
All my brothers had departed,
Lost in battle with the stranger.
Then my father called me to him,
And he said to me, "Natoma,
Thou the strongest, thou the eldest,
Shalt succeed to my dominion.
On thy neck I hang the token.
Guard the token in thy bosom
As a deed of gift and plenty
From the Spirit to his people."

PAUL. I salute thee, Natoma, Princess, Queen and Ruler of this fair and radiant country!

NATOMA.

Vanished are my father's people.
Now the stranger comes as chieftain.

PAUL (*pointing to hacienda*). And there is where lives Barbara, the beautiful Barbara? Tell me, Natoma, is she so very beautiful?

NATOMA. Barbara, my Barbara! She is more beautiful than the fawn in springtime! She is more lovely than the poppies on the hillside! My Barbara! Her eyes are like the stars in blue water. Her lips are red berries in the dew. When you see her you must love her. Oh, Paul! When you see her you *will* love her!

It had to be! It had to be! Oh, Paul! Take me, beat me, kill me, but let me be your slave! (*Falls at* PAUL's *feet.*)

PAUL (*kneeling to her, and taking her hands in his*). You little wild-flower, Natoma!

SCENE III

(NATOMA *lifts her head, listens, springs to her feet; her whole demeanor changes; she runs to top of hill.*)

CONVENT-GIRLS (*off stage*). Ohé! ohé! ohé! ohé!

NATOMA. Barbara!

CONVENT-GIRLS (*off stage*)

Afloat, afloat in our open boat,
We swing on the evening tide;
[Afar, afar on the sandy bar,]
The low waves gently glide.
We come, we come.
Fair isle of the Sunset sea,
To bring her home,
Sweet Barbara, home to thee.

(*Servants and retainers come out of hacienda.*)

CHORUS OF RETAINERS

Our gentle mistress comes at last,
So lift your voices high;
Her dreary convent days are past,
And turned to revelry.
All hail, all hail to the gallant sail
That brings our joy, our pride!

CONVENT-GIRLS (*entering at back*)

We swing on the evening tide.
Ohé! ohé! ohé!
The low waves gently glide,
Ohé! ohé! ohé!
Afloat, afloat in our open boat,
We swing on the evening tide.

(FATHER PERALTA *appears, leading* BARBARA *by the hand.*)

FULL CHORUS

She comes! she comes!
With loud acclaim, we cheer her name,
And Barbara welcome home.
We cheer her name with loud acclaim!
All praise to thee, our Holy Church;
We thank thee for thy grace
And for thy many blessings! Praise to thee!

BARBARA. Natoma!

NATOMA. Barbara, my Barbara!

D. FRANCISCO (*coming out of hacienda*). My daughter! (*folds her in his arms*).

BARBARA. Father, dear Father! (*They embrace.*)

D. FRANCISCO (*turning to* PERALTA). To you, illustrious Padre, my house, and all who with me abide, are indebted.

PERALTA. The debt is ours, Don Francisco! In the beauty of her character your daughter has been an inspiration to all around her. She proclaims with pride and yet with modesty the nobility of both your houses.

(*During this scene* PAUL *has been standing apart, gazing at* BARBARA. *Their eyes have met.* NATOMA *watches them.* BARBARA *drops her eyes and then looks at* PAUL *again.* PAUL'S *eyes do not leave* BARBARA. CASTRO *is seen by the audience secreted in the arbor.*)

D. FRANCISCO. Good friends, I bid you all to enter and drink with me to this glad reunion. But stay! (*seeing* PAUL) we are honored by the presence of a stranger.

NATOMA. This is Señor Paul, from the big ship that came from o'er the waters.

PAUL. I am Lieutenant Paul Merrill of the Brig "Liberty," from the United States. May I do homage to your beautiful daughter? (*bowing low.*)

D. FRANCISCO. Come, Father Peralta, and you, Señor, and good friends all, complete my joy by drinking round my board from a cask of Spanish wine. Come within!

ENSEMBLE

While shadows darken around
We bid thee welcome home;
Where happiness and peace shall be found,
Hallowed the ground.
No more shall thy footsteps bid thee to roam.
We welcome thee home, welcome home!

(*Exeunt all except* NATOMA; CASTRO *still in arbor.*)

SCENE IV

NATOMA (*alone*)

Oh the wonder of his speaking,
Like the wind upon the mountain,
Like the river through the valley!
Speak to me again, my chieftain!
(CASTRO *appears suddenly and confronts her.*)

CASTRO. Can I believe my eyes? You, the idol of our people, the daughter of your mighty father, to fetch and carry for these dogs!

NATOMA. Castro, what do you mean?

CASTRO. Hear me! The Evil One has cast a spell over Natoma, or she would not leave her father's people to spend her days with strangers. Listen to me! Listen to me! Your people left the valley in disdain, but in the crags of the mountains they pray for a chieftain! Ah! Natoma. Behold me! They call me José Castro. It is not my name. I am Tu-ol-um-ne, he who leaves no trail. Your people are my people! Come with me! (*attempting to take her hand.*) Together we will sweep the land of these strangers, as the winter tempest shakes the leaves from the trees!

NATOMA. Don't touch me! You are no Indian!

CASTRO. Softly! softly! I would not make you angry; and yet, methinks, if that young Lieutenant from the big ship asked you to *his* wigwam, you would not say him nay. Ah, ha! ha! ha!

NATOMA. You half-breed!

(*As she goes off*, CASTRO *calls out to her, but under his breath.*)

CASTRO. It is not you he will ask to his wigwam. It is Barbara. I know it. I saw the glances pass between them. I know it, even if I am a half-breed.

(*Enter* ALVARADO, PICO *and* KAGAMA. *Twilight commences to fall.*)

CASTRO. She has come.

ALVARADO. What, Barbara?

CASTRO. The Padre brought her with the convent-girls; they are all inside, and with them that young officer. Barbara has eyes for no one but him; she is entranced.

ALVARADO. You are demented!

CASTRO. It is true!

ALVARADO. Nonsense! Wait until I see her! Here, Kagama, Pico, our serenade!

SERENADE

ALVARADO

When the sunlight dies,
When the night wind sighs,
When the dove is asleep in the tree,
I will come, my love,
With the stars above,
To pay homage, fair cousin, to thee.

Where thy feet have pressed,
Are the poppies blessed,
And the violets yield their perfume;
'Tis the blushing rose,
Everywhere it blows,
From thy beauty has stolen its bloom.

Oh, my lady-love, oh, my lady-love,
Leave me not in the dusk to repine;
Oh, my lady-love, oh, my lady-love,
Bid me sing to thy beauty divine!

SCENE V

(BARBARA *appears in doorway of porch.*)

BARBARA. Juan Bautista!

ALVARADO. Fairest cousin! Stand where thou art, and put to shame the jewels of the night, that now begin to deck the heavens.

Oh, my lady-love, oh, my lady-love,
Leave me not in the dusk to repine;
Oh, my lady-love, oh, my lady-love,
Bid me sing to thy beauty divine!

BARBARA. I do recall that song under my convent window.

ALVARADO. 'Twas I who sang it to thee from behind the manzanita bush. Ah! beauteous Barbara, how sweet of you to remember!

BARBARA. Fie upon you, Juan! You sang that same song to Chiquita—or was it Teresita?—and you swore it was written for her and her alone.

ALVARADO. Nay, nay! to thee alone!

BARBARA. A little bird flew into the convent window with the message; you know little birds can sometimes fly even over convent walls.

ALVARADO. 'Tis calumny! Listen to me, I implore!

(*Drinking-chorus heard faintly from hacienda.*)

CHORUS

To him who drinks the wine of Spain,
All other joys in life are vain,
And Bacchus laughs to see us quaff
The good old wine of Spain.
Tra la la, la la la!

BARBARA (*looking over the scene*). Oh, wondrous day, that brings me home once more——

ALVARADO (*interrupting*). Hear me, Barbara! You're no longer a girl, but a woman. How impatiently have I waited to greet you as such, for you and I together bear the names that claim distinction throughout the land.

CHORUS

And Bacchus laughs to see us quaff,
The good old wine of Spain.

ALVARADO. To-morrow's your Fiesta over there on the mainland, when all the world will pay their tribute to the rich and beautiful Barbara de la Guerra! But to-night, before this new world is all hers, Juan Bautista, her cousin, tenders his devotion, homage and love.

BARBARA. 'Tis very sweet of you, Juan Bautista!

ALVARADO. My life is yours, my love is yours, I have but one ambition: to protect you, to shield you from the world. Grant me the privilege, grant me the right!

BARBARA. I'm sure of your devotion and protection, Juan!

ALVARADO. Yes, yes! Place your hand in mine, and let me announce to-morrow to our expectant friends, that the Church shall pronounce the union of our two great names!

BARBARA. What, Juan Bautista! you are making me a proposal of marriage?

CHORUS

Tra la la la! Tra la la la!

ALVARADO. I am, sweet Barbara, with every drop of my heart's blood, my life! my love! my soul!

Fair one, listen to my vow of love,
A vow that from my very soul is spoken!
Fair one, Paradise and heaven above
I'd give to ravish from thy lips one token.

Barbara! To hold thee in my arms I'm yearning.
Fair one, gaze within my eyes
To see the fire that still alone for thee is burning!
Fair one, I pray, give me thy reply,
On thy answer will I live or die!
Bid me to live or die!

CHORUS OF GIRLS (*off*). Barbara! Barbara!

BARBARA. Yes, yes, I'm coming!

ALVARADO. There was a time I was your choice. What has changed my cousin? There is another!

BARBARA. Juan Bautista! Juan!

ALVARADO. And you but a convent-girl! Ha, ha! Innocence, thy name is Barbara de la Guerra!

CHORUS OF GIRLS Barbara! Barbara!

BARBARA. Not another word!—I'm coming.

ALVARADO. You prefer a stranger!

BARBARA. Your every word is an insult! I leave you! (*Exit into hacienda.*)

ALVARADO. Santa Maria! I, Juan Bautista Alvarado, to be jilted by this convent-girl, who is mine by every right! 'Tis the damned Americano! I will have his life!

(NATOMA *is seen secreted in arbor, listening.*)

CASTRO (*comes out of shadow*). Not so fast! There is a better way. To-morrow at the Fiesta there'll be an hundred of our friends! When the gayety is at its height, I will have swift horses ready. We can steal

the girl away to the mountains, where none can follow. The whole country will be with us, for they hate the Americanos! Be guided by me.

ALVARADO. Castro, you are right; we must have patience—but to-morrow!

(NATOMA *comes forth from the arbor with water-urn on her shoulder, crosses stage and exit behind hacienda.*)

ALVARADO. I never liked that girl. She broods too much.

(*Night begins to fall.*)

SCENE VI

(*Convent-Girls come out of hacienda, with* BARBARA *in their midst.*)

CONVENT-GIRLS

The hour has come for us to sever
Those happy days we've spent together;
For now the evening shades are falling,
And home the convent bells are calling.

Forget us not in all the splendor,
The homage new-found friends will render;
For time will make our hearts the fonder,
No matter where thy steps may wander.

(*While the Convent-Girls are singing these verses,* ALVARADO, CASTRO, PICO, KAGAMA *and, finally,* PAUL, *pass one by one in front of* DON FRANCISCO *and* BARBARA, *going up stage and following Convent-Girls and* PERALTA. *They sing portions of the following lines as a final salute.*)

We bid thee all good-night,
Until the morning light
Our glad reunion brings.

(*Exeunt all excepting* BARBARA *and* DON FRANCISCO.)

CONVENT-GIRLS (*in the distance*).

Ohé! ohé!
We swing on the evening tide,
The low waves gently glide.
Ohé! ohé! ohé!

(DON FRANCISCO *and* BARBARA *embrace.*)

BARBARA. Let me linger here awhile, and once again breathe the fragrance of the scene—my childhood home.

D. FRANCISCO. A little while, sweet Barbara, and then repose; for to-morrow hath a myriad pleasant duties for my child. Good-night, good-night! To-day the years roll backward in their flight. (*Exit into hacienda.*)

SCENE VII: FINALE

BARBARA (*to herself*). O, wondrous night! The shadows fall around me; in thy protecting arms I am enfolded. Be not too bold, O stars; I see you peeping thro' the trees. Pray turn thine eyes away, O wondrous night!—I have not dreamed of love!

My confidant, oh silver moon,
How oft with thee I've held commune,
And wondered if the tale be true,
That lovers should confide in you.

Ah, bid me now, when none can hear,
To whisper in thy kindly ear
The greatest secret ever told,
A story new, and never old.

I love him! In secret hear my vow:
I love him! For none shall know but thou.
I love him! Ah, chide me not, I pray!
I love him! 'Tis all my heart can say,
I love him!

PAUL (*entering hurriedly*). Let come what will, the magnet of her beauty draws me back again.

BARBARA. Señor!

PAUL. Fair maid, I could not leave thee, I could not part without one word with thee alone.

BARBARA. Beware! The danger——

PAUL. Danger?

BARBARA. My father——

PAUL. Danger!

Tho' the seas were tempest-tossed,
Tho' the waves ran mountain-high,
I would their strength defy,
And breast the storm that bears me close to thee,
Ah, my belovèd, close to thee!

BARBARA (*aside*)

His voice awakes my very soul!
Ah, I dare not reply!
My faltering lips cannot deny
My all too willing heart.

PAUL

I love thee, I love thee!
Here I proclaim my adoration!
Loved one, my soul cries out to thee!

BARBARA

I tremble! my heart is beating!

PAUL

Turn not away; it is the voice divine,
The voice of love that pleads; one word
From those sweet lips, I do implore thee!

BARBARA

I cannot say thee nay.
Look into my eyes and read the answer there:

BOTH

I love thee! In secret hear my vow:
I love thee! For none shall know but thou;
I love thee! Ah, chide me not, I pray!
I love thee! 'Tis all my heart can say,
I love thee!
May heaven hear my prayer!
Beneath the stars I swear,
With all my soul I love thee!
With all my soul I love!

(*They stand in fond embrace. A light appears in first window of hacienda.*)

BARBARA. My father! Good-night!

PAUL. One kiss upon those tell-tale eyes!
(*The light in window of hacienda disappears, but reappears over doorway.*)

BARBARA

Until to-morrow, good-night!
I love thee!

(*The light disappears from over doorway, but reappears in another window of hacienda further up stage.* BARBARA *reaches porch of hacienda.* PAUL *disappears over rise of ground. Light disappears from window, and* BARBARA *enters doorway of hacienda in the shadow quickly. The light appears in the fourth window of the hacienda;* NATOMA *is seen with a lighted candle in her hand. She places it on a table and seats herself with the light full in her face, resting her chin on her hands with her elbows on the table, and gazing out motionless into the moonlight.*)

(*Slow curtain.*)

It is to be expected that womankind will do the unexpected; it has been so from the beginning.

ACT II

SCENE I

Plaza in front of the Mission Church, which occupies the upper back of the stage and has an arcade extending across right upper; roadway comes in around arcade. Large fountain at left, also an adobe inn. At right, grand-stand. The music of the prelude indicates the approaching Fiesta. Early dawn. Light shows through musty windows of inn. Natoma *comes on cautiously from roadway, keeping in shadow of arcade; she approaches steps in front of main doors of church, hesitates, goes up the steps to small door, pauses, reaches out her hand as if to touch the holy water, pauses again, then turns rapidly away.*

Natoma (*looks over the scene and turns toward centre*). No! Within the hour the morning sun will flood the hills, and herald in the summer's day: It is the festal day of my dear mistress, Barbara! I am thy willing slave, thy voice is ever gentle, wise has been thy counsel, to guide the wayward feet of poor Natoma. I wish thee well, I wish thee joy; and may the mighty Spirit crown thee queen of this fair land. (*Pauses as if recalling something to mind.*) How tall and fair and brave was he! His love was mine, mine for one short hour! All my heart was his, to take and hold forever. Together we might have wandered through the valleys, over the violet hills, under the mighty oak to make our couch. I would gather for his pillow the dainty fern; he would hold me in his arms beneath the stars, while fireflies played among the trees and from the vale below came the music of the stream. Ever to live in my fair land alone with thee! The world so far away, my Chieftain by my side! Alone with thee, far away!

Girl's Voice (*behind scene*). Ah!

(*Laughter and noise from the inn.*)

Natoma

Laugh on, and waste the hour in revel!
You think to carry out your plot,
And reckon not on one whom you ignore
Like so much carrion. 'Tis better so:
For if Natoma is to act,
She will take counsel with herself.
It is the only way.

(*Church-bell sounds.*)

The call to prayer. The Padre bids me enter in the Church. Often has he told me: "Here shalt thou find peace, content and love." He bids me turn my back upon the faith that thro' the ages has come down from every Chieftain to his people. Fire and eternal torture shall be my lot, if I refuse. I do refuse! I refuse!

Great Manitou, Great Spirit of the hills,
Bend low thine ear unto my prayer!
Lend me thine aid in my despair!
Hold forth thy hand,
Give thy command;
Let not my feet be led astray,
Guide me aright this day!
Great Manitou, Great Manitou,
I pray to you, I pray to you!

(*Exit rapidly.*)

SCENE II

(*A shepherd's pipe is heard off stage.* Boy *appears in the roadway; on his back is slung a large pig-skin milk-gourd. He pauses on steps of church, crosses himself, and then continues down to door of inn. Door opens and* Bruzzo *comes out, takes milk-gourd from* Boy *and carries it into inn;* Boy *follows. A snare-drum is heard off stage. The tramp of soldiers is also heard. A drummer with four trumpeters appears, after them a* Sergeant *followed by a squad of*

soldiers. Two friars come out of the church to receive flag; the SERGEANT *delivers flag to the friars. The flag is seen mounting.*

The stage commences to fill. There are several booths at left. The women arrange and display their wares in the booths. Soldiers inspect wares and flirt with the girls.)

CHORUS OF WOMEN

Come, buy! Step up! Come, buy!
The daintiest ever seen!
A jewelled belt, a hat of felt,
For you, Señor, is just the thing!
Take out your purse, untie the string!
Here's what you will from old Seville,
New caps and wraps, a pair of shoes,
And royal lace all made by hand,
In fine array from every land;
A piece of braid will win a maid:
Now let your sweetheart choose!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Our willing hearts you can beguile
With witching eyes and loving smile;
Your wares will not our pockets tempt,
From that our purses are exempt.

Come, drink! Come, drink!
A glass of old Mescal.
Come, drink! Come, drink!
[We wish our Lady well.]

Here's health and wealth
To her who dares to sip.
A glass—my lass!
Come, touch your pretty lip!

WOMEN

To-day we lay
Our treasures at your feet.
New wraps and caps
[And petticoats so neat.]

MEN

Enough! Enough!
Your chatter fills the air!

WOMEN

Don't be so gruff!
[You're growling like a bear!]

TENORS (*Group of guitar and mandolin players; sentimentally*).

List to our prayer,
Fair nymph of azure eyes!
One hour with thee,
Indeed, were Paradise.

By night and day
We dream, both near and far,
Of only thee,
Of thee, our guiding-star!

CHORUS

Ha, ha, ha, ha! your guiding-star!
Oh, love-sick swain, we know that strain!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
(*Girls display their wares at booths. The guitar and mandolin players visit the booths. Some soldiers, with the* SERGEANT, *continue drinking; others mix with crowd.*)

SCENE III

(*Cracking of whips is heard off stage.*)

CHORUS

The Vaqueros! The Rancheros!
Hola! hola! hola!

(*Two mules appear in roadway, attached to a large old-fashioned open cart with hay-rack spreading out. It is filled with gayly dressed vaqueros and rancheros.*)

VAQUEROS AND RANCHEROS (*dismounting*). Aié! aié! (*entering*) Good friends and retainers all of Don Francisco, aié!

PICO

Who dares the bronco wild defy?
Who looks the mustang in the eye?
Fearless and bold,
Their master behold: Aié!
With a leap from the ground
To the saddle in a bound,
And away! Aié!
CHORUS. Aié! aié! aié!

PICO

See where the bull upon his knees
Snorts when his neck we tighter squeeze;
Wild are his eyes!
Fiercely he dies! Aié!

CHORUS. Aié! aié! aié!

PICO

Vaqueros, devils to dare!
Vaqueros, never a care!
Vaqueros, ready to fling
Our glove in the ring—*mis amigos!*
Far o'er the mesa we tear,
Reata high in the air!
Vaqueros, Kings of the Plain,
Undaunted we reign! Aié!

(*Chorus repeat.*)

(*Enter* ALVARADO *and friends.*)

SERGEANT. Welcome, Don Alvarado!

CHORUS. Long life to Alvarado!

ALVARADO. Thanks, good friends! for so I know you all to be. Your kindly welcome fills my heart with pride!

ALL. Long life to Alvarado!

ALVARADO. Here, Bruzzo! Remember, 'tis open house to-day! At my expense they drink with Alvarado!

(*More applause.*)

ALVARADO (*under his breath to* CHIQUITA). You little devil! I would rather dance with thee than have absolution for all my sins!

(*They dance.* KAGAMA, *interrupting dance.*)

KAGAMA. They come! They come!

(*Trumpets and drums heard off stage.*)

SCENE IV

SERGEANT (*to soldiers; spoken*). Attention! Fall in!

CASTRO (*aside, to* ALVARADO). Damn that wench, Chiquita! Come to your senses, man!

ALVARADO (*aside, to* CASTRO). Bah! the crowd is with me, our plan is easy! Here, Pico! Are the horses ready?

PICO. Ready, Señor, upon the signal!

CHORUS. They come! they come!

ALVARADO. She'll be mine! Where is the Americano?

CASTRO. Coming from his ship with a party of his men.

ALVARADO. So much the better! 'Twill divert attention. Come, let my welcome to my future bride outherald all the rest!

WOMEN. Hurry, hurry! Make ready, make ready!

MEN. Get into line there!

WOMEN. You take up all the room yourselves, you brutes! Clouds of dust! We see nothing yet!

MEN. Stop your chattering! Be quiet!

ALL. Here they come! here they come!

(*Convent-girls come out of the arcade.*)

CONVENT-GIRLS

Happy day,
That bids us to attend
In glad array
The coming of our friend.

Welcome hour,
That sends us forth to greet
With floral shower
The pathway 'neath her feet.
Oh happy day! oh happy day!

MEN

Don Francisco comes, our noble Don!
How well he rides his haughty steed!

WOMEN

Don Francisco comes, our mistress by his side!

(*Enter* DON FRANCISCO, BARBARA *on horseback*, NATOMA *on foot at* BARBARA'S *side.*)

CHORUS

Hail, fair Barbara!
To noble Don Francisco, hail!

(*They dismount, and make circuit of stage to grand-stand.*)

Oh happy day! oh happy day!

DON FRANCISCO. Good friends, retainers, trusty servants all, we greet ye, and give our

hearty thanks for this inspiring welcome. Familiar faces here I see from all the confines of our land, each vying with the other in expression of their joy and in devotion to our house. Too soon the fleeting years deprive me of my little girl, but bring to me instead a woman grown; and when I gaze into her eyes I see reflected there the image of my own fair bride—her mother.

A fair Castilian rose I plucked from our belovèd Spain. It is transplanted here. Her noble spirit still survives within the heart of this, our daughter!

(Natoma *kneels before* Don Francisco, *holding a pillow upon which is placed a piece of old Castilian lace.*)

And here upon her brow I place,
According to the custom of our land,
This woof of royal lace,
From olden time bequeathed to her
Who doth succeed to title and estate.
(Natoma *pins the lace over* Barbara's *head and down her back.*)

Chorus

Around thy radiant brow we bid thee wear
the crown;
Thy loving subjects hail thy domain!
Long may'st thou reign!
May angels from above
Thy hand guide with love!

Barbara. Dear Father, friends of my girlhood and all who came to wish me happiness to-day: I have no words with which to tell how overflowing is my heart. Forgive me, if I am bewildered.

My dear mother I never knew; but in my
dreams
A voice has come to me and whispered:
"Rule thou by love, let kindness be thy aim;
I live in thee, to all the world proclaim."

This precept, by gift divine
Shall be my daily prayer.
(*Changing from grave to gay.*)

Good friends, I am of age!
It is my festal day!
Make merry, fill the air to-day
With merriment and roundelay;
Dull care, away!

I list the trill in golden throat
Of yonder bird on wing afloat,
Bearing the message far and near,
"Awake, my love, the Spring is here!"

The tiny rill adown the vale
Unto the brooklet tells the tale;
Singing together, on they go
To join the river far below.

Across the field of ripening grain
The zephyrs bear the same refrain,
From every bough, from every tree,
I hear again the melody.

The wind that plays within the sheaf,
Carries the tale to silver leaf;
The drowsy poppy hears the bee
Humming the song in ecstasy.

Fly forth, ye minions of the sky!
Our happiness sing out on high,
Bearing the message far and near:
Awake, my love, the Spring is here!

Alvarado

I offer a toast, good friends!
To one whose radiant beauty lends
New lustre to the day:
Barbara de la Guerra!

All. Barbara de la Guerra!

Alvarado. May I have the honor and the privilege, my cousin, to take you by the hand and show to all our loving friends that those graceful steps which in the golden days found favor with my noble aunt, your mother, are still the heritage of her lovely daughter?

Barbara.

Willingly will I obey the custom
Of the olden time, and tread a measure,
If by so doing I may give pleasure
To all assembled here.

(*They dance the minuet, continuing until a cannon-shot is heard. The music stops;* ALVARADO *would go on; another cannon-shot sounds, and* KAGAMA *enters.*)

KAGAMA. Don Francisco, the ship of the Americanos is saluting. An envoy and guard of honor have disembarked, and come this way!

DON FRANCISCO. Bid them welcome, we will greet them! It is a tribute to our Sovereign. Show them every honor!

SCENE V

SAILORS (*off stage*)

Blow, Boreas, blow!
Old Neptune, shake your locks!
We'll trim our maid in her daintiest braid
And flaunt her prettiest frocks!
Blow, Boreas, blow!
(*Entering.*)
We round the Horn and laugh to scorn
Old Scylla and Carib.
We stick our nose wherever it blows,
And never stow a jib.
(*Enter* PAUL *and* BROTHER-OFFICERS.)
Blow, Boreas, blow! etc.

PAUL (*bowing to* DON FRANCISCO). My commander as envoy bids me come, to tender you his compliments and ask you to accept the good-will of his government. Here upon this far-off shore, where Nature spreads with open arms the treasures of her fields, we would salute your sovereign flag, the noble pennant of historic Spain!

No country can my own outvie
In tribute to the one
Who held the flag of Spain on high
Toward the setting sun.

His noble figure stands apart
In sacred trust to hold;
Upon our shield, upon our heart,
His name is stamped in gold.

Columbus! Led on by hand divine,
Columbus! My country's love is thine!

The sail that fills with fav'ring wind
Is guided by command
Of some immortal Goddess kind,
Who bids us where to land.

The spirit that directed thee,
Great Captain, safe to shore,
Is goddess of our Liberty,
Whose name we all adore.

Columbia! Bright Goddess of the free!
Columbia! We pledge our love to thee!

DON FRANCISCO. Your noble sentiments inspire our hearts anew with friendship and good-will for all your countrymen! With pride and pleasure do we welcome thee!

(PAUL *mounts upon grand-stand.*)

ALVARADO. Fairest cousin! Thou hast not forgot? We do attend upon thy dainty steps. Now let our dance proceed.

(BARBARA, *who has been talking formally and with reserve to* PAUL, *hesitates, then steps down to join* ALVARADO. *The several groups of dancers take part in the dance, which grows louder and louder, until suddenly each of the groups breaks into the Pañuelo or handkerchief-dance. It is a dance of declaration, which becomes more and more impassioned until, as a climax, each man takes his hat and places it on his partner's head.* ALVARADO *does as the others do. At the tableau all the girls retain the hats on their heads.* ALVARADO'S *hat rests an instant on* BARBARA'S *head; when she tosses it off and turns toward the grand-stand.*)

CHORUS. She jilts him! It cannot be! He is refused!

ALVARADO (*aside, picking up his hat*). Once again—and this time before the world! Damnation!

DON FRANCISCO (*giving his hand to* BARBARA *as she mounts the steps*). Nay, nay, my friends! A dance is but a dance. On with the Fiesta!

SCENE VI

CASTRO (*coming suddenly from inn*). These mincing steps and these grimaces are but mockery! You smirk and bob like puppets, you bow and scrape like midgets to a love-sick guitar. Who dares to dance with Castro? I offer you no puny minuet! I bid you meet me in the ancient dagger-dance of the Californians! (*Strikes his dagger fiercely in ground.*) Come! Will you?! or you?! or you?! Come! (*Makes circuit of stage, like a panther.*) I challenge you one and all! (*Takes attitude of defiance. The crowd turns away with show of disinclination.*)

(NATOMA *rises slowly. She walks to centre, takes dagger from her belt, and sticks it next to that of* CASTRO.)

CHORUS. Natoma!

CASTRO. You? No! No!

(NATOMA *draws up to full height and points sternly at the daggers, looking steadfastly at* CASTRO. CASTRO *makes a wild gesture. They pose for the dance.*

As the dance progresses, ALVARADO *is seen removing his scrape from his shoulders.* PICO *and* KAGAMA *proceed to remove the railing of the grand-stand, so that* BARBARA *sits facing centre, unprotected. The music grows in dramatic fervor. In unison* CASTRO *and* NATOMA *pluck the two daggers from the ground, and break. They come together and pass each other twice. At this moment* ALVARADO *smothers* BARBARA *in his scrape;* PICO *is seen with horses in roadway.* ALVARADO *and* KAGAMA *take* BARBARA *off of grand-stand and are proceeding to carry her off. The dance is at its fiercest.* NATOMA *makes a sweeping lunge at* CASTRO, *but purposely passes him; rushes right front, and plunges her dagger into* ALVARADO. *The dance comes to a stop with a crash.*)

FINALE

ALVARADO. Dios! (*Falls and dies.*)

CHORUS. Kill her! Away with her!

PAUL (*to sailors*). To the rescue!

(*Sailors and soldiers rush between crowd and* NATOMA.)

CROWD. Kill her! Away with her!

(*Large doors of church swing open.* PERALTA *appears on steps. He is holding aloft his cross.*)

PERALTA. Hold! hold! nomine Christi!

(*Crowd turns toward* PERALTA. *At sight of cross they fall to their knees.* PERALTA *looks at* NATOMA *and makes a gesture of protection with his free hand and arm.* NATOMA *goes to steps of church; she drops dagger and falls at the feet of* PERALTA.)

PERALTA (*still holding aloft the cross*). Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!

I AM AN INDIAN

ACT III

SCENE I

Interior of mission church. As curtain rises Natoma *is alone in the church, huddled on the steps of the altar. She rocks to and fro with her arms and head on her knees.*

Natoma

Beware of the hawk, my baby,
Beware of the hawk, my child!
It flies in wide, wide circles
And turns upon the wing,
Too quick for the eye to follow:
Beware! Beware! Beware!

Lie down in the nest, my baby,
Lie down in the nest, my child;
The willow-bough will hide you
And rock you in its arms;
So sleep until to-morrow:
Lie down, lie down, lie down.

(*She lifts her head and puts her hand to her throat, feeling the amulet, which she presses to her heart. She rises, and steps down to space in front of altar.*)

Natoma (*in front of altar-rail*). Lonely am I, lonely is my heart; I feel it beating here within like the breaking of the sea against the shore. I would cry out! Ah! Yet all around me are these walls that only echo back my voice: Lonely am I!

What mean these gloomy shadows, these unknown shapes that point their fingers at me? There is a mist before my eyes, I walk in darkness.

(*Coming centre.*)

The eyes of my people were cold and dark;
The eyes of the stranger were soft and blue,
His voice was the call of the dove to his mate,
His breath was honey on the wings of the bee;
His song was the song of the morning,
That bids the flower to lift her head
And hail the coming of the dawn!

I was tempted, I have done wrong, I thought only of Natoma. False have I been, false to myself, false to my father's teaching, false to my people's faith! Manitou! hear me!

I have awakened!
I will go to my people.
The voice of my father is calling,
"This land is ours!"
We will rush from out the mountain
Like the lightning, like the thunder,
Every stranger and his house
Shall lie buried 'neath our anger.
In my breast I hold the token,
And the gift shall be unbroken
From the Spirit to his people.

(*Father* Peralta *comes from back of altar, and appears on steps.*)

Peralta. Peace! Peace in the House of God!

Natoma (*looking up at him defiantly*). Your God, not my God!

Peralta. Our God, my child. There is but one God, the mighty Spirit of your people and of mine. This is His house, builded to protect, to shield, to help us both.

Natoma (*turning her head*). I want no help from any one.

Peralta. Thou art indeed in need of help.

Natoma. I will go my way.

Peralta (*coming down*). Turn not away, my child! Lift up thine eyes, and greet the light of eternal love!

Two children wandered hand in hand,
And played amid the golden sand.
The one was dark and sad of face,
The other fair and full of grace.
The light of love shone in their eyes;
O childhood days, O Paradise!

Natoma. My Barbara! (*spoken.*)

PERALTA

Unharmed, the lark poured forth its trill,
Sang out its lay from hill to hill,
And every flower awoke to thrill
With God's great song, "On Earth good-will."
O Faith divine! O Power of Love!
This is the message from above.

(*With great fervor.*) My child of the lonely heart, the same love that was yours in the golden sands awaits you here. The eyes of the Madonna are looking into thine; She holds out Her arms to thee; She will take thee unto Her great heart; She will lift thy soul until it joins the spirit of thy Father in the clouds above the mountain.

(NATOMA *has gradually lifted her face until she looks far away into space.*)

NATOMA (*in quiet ecstasy*). Love shall be repaid by love. There is one I wish to make happy; my love is my faith! I will do thy bidding: (*coming close to* PERALTA) I have spoken!

PERALTA (*with great joy*). Glory to the power of love! All praise to our Lady, who speaks through this child! (*Turns toward crucifix.*) Now let all that trust in Thee rejoice!

(PERALTA *walks rapidly up altar steps and taps a bell. An acolyte appears;* PERALTA *has a word with him in pantomime.* NATOMA *approaches steps of altar and stands motionless on lower step. The sunlight dies down; acolytes commence to light candles on altar. Choir is seen gathering in organ-loft. An acolyte brings* PERALTA *his vestments, which he dons. Two friars cross church to doors.* PERALTA *gives the signal for the simultaneous opening of the doors and the beginning of the chorale.*)

CHOIR OF MONKS

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut pro tua clementia
Sis præsul et custodia.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.

(*As choir commences the above, the monks open both doors wide. The church commences to fill.* PAUL'S *brother-officers enter, then ladies and dignitaries.* PAUL *enters, and takes seat near and facing altar.* DON FRANCISCO *and* BARBARA *enter last, taking seats across aisle from* PAUL, *facing altar.* NATOMA *is standing on lower step of altar, recognizing no one.*

At the end of this service the music dies down to a pedal-point on the organ; PERALTA *mounts pulpit.*)

PERALTA (*spoken*). My children: Our steps are taken in darkness, but the light of Eternal Love shall make our pathway clear. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

(*intoned*)

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

FINALE

(*From behind the convent-garden door are heard the voices of the Ursuline nuns in their chorale of praise on the reception into their order of a new convert.*)

CHORUS OF NUNS (*off stage*). Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Dominus Deus Sabaoth! Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.

(*Chorus of nuns enter, and form two rows. The choir in organ-loft takes up the theme of nuns' chorus. It reaches a climax with the nuns kneeling on either side of cross-aisle.* NATOMA *turns her head and looks at* PERALTA *in the pulpit. He bows to her very slightly and benignly.* NATOMA *steps slowly down toward the main aisle. She walks down main aisle, reaches the pews where* PAUL *and* BARBARA *are seated, pauses, and turns*

facing altar. BARBARA *and* PAUL, *as though under the spell of some controlling power, come into aisle and kneel in front of* NATOMA, *who takes the amulet from off her neck and places it over* BARBARA'S *shoulders. She then turns and continues down main aisle to cross-aisle, then turns and walks between the kneeling nuns up cross-aisle to open door of convent-garden. She stands there with back to audience. The nuns rise and walk past her on either side.* PERALTA *lifts both hands in benediction.* PAUL *and* BARBARA *are still kneeling in aisle. Finally* NATOMA *passes through doorway of convent-garden. The doors close upon her.*)

CURTAIN.

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